

and before time expired Harvard again smashed Yale's defense in such a manner that on two occasions the Crimson had the ball on Yale's 25 yard line.

MISPLAYS SPILLED IT

But these chances to advance further were lost when Harvard tried an outside kick and a forward pass but failed each time. With the ball on Yale's 35 yard line, Leslie tried a drop kick for goal, but his attempt was so poor that the Harvard crowd groaned. After Corbett's fumble in the last period, Harvard seemed to lose heart and after a series of punts, Capt. Daly of Yale came within ten feet of winning the game. He made a drop kick on his 15 yard line with the wind at his back, and the ball on its journey sailed straight for the middle of the crossbar.

The gale from the northwest came to Harvard's rescue and veered the ball into the air, and the point was lost, depriving the Blue of three points and preventing a triumph that would have been memorable in the annals of college football.

Harvard's superior attack was shown by the fact that in the first half the Crimson eleven gained 115 yards by rushing and in the second half 85 yards, a total of 200 yards for the entire game, and Yale in a similar manner gained only 45 yards in the first half and 65 in the second, a total of 110. Harvard made twelve first downs by rushing and Yale only five, but in punting it was about a stand-off. Howe kicking the ball against the wind with remarkable results. He was the only punter Yale had. Harvard depended at different times on Felton, Corbett, Wigglesworth and Minot. But the Yale men stood those kickers off in masterly fashion, and to his kicking a part of Yale's success was probably due.

NO YALE FORWARD PASSES

The forward pass was tried four times by Harvard and not once by Yale and only one of Harvard's passes gained ground, a hurl to L. Smith that netted 22 yards. Harvard tried seven outside kicks, but could gain nothing and Yale did not attempt this play at all. In penalties Yale lost only 35 yards, five of them in the second period. Harvard surrendered 60 yards, about evenly distributed between the halves.

Harvard committed fourteen fumbles, losing the ball four times. Yale made six fumbles, giving up possession of the oval only once. No kicks were blocked, which showed pretty clearly the strong defensive tactics of each rush line in protecting the kickers. Wendell, as already said, was Harvard's best ground gainer. His line plunging was irresistible, but he appeared to be worked at inopportune periods. His strength was used up in rushing the ball through the middle sections of the field, so that whenever the goal line was neared this sterling halfback was either beaten back in his attempt to tear through the Yale forwards or his gains were materially reduced. Corbett made many conspicuous gains, but his fumbling was something that Harvard men will not forget for some time to come.

ONCE MORE KILPATRICK

Kilpatrick was one of Yale's mainstays. He never played a greater football game in his life. He was down the field like a whirlwind under kicks, and his tackling of the Harvard backs was a sight to behold. Skully, Morris, Paul and Brooks also made spectacular plays in the way of tackles and breaking up Harvard's concerted attacks. Capt. Daly made the longest run of the game, a splendid dash of twenty-five yards. He covered himself with glory and at the same time hostilities the delighted Yale players carried him off the battlefield on their shoulders.

Yale greatly improved. Harvard there failed to get a team that two weeks ago had nothing but hope. With wonderful improvement in every department of the game Yale upset the calculations of all the football specialists and broke up a record some back to Cambridge tonight plunged in deepest gloom. Harvard's team was generally recognized as a stronger combination in attack, but Yale's stout defense and quick-wittedness made nearly every effort to get the performance of the one team in this particular struggle was a failure. The Yale men, the bulldog is never beaten until the life is stamped out of him.

Just before the last period began a fire raged under the Yale goal, occupied by Yale. It was probably due to a lighted cigar which was thrown between the cracks in the floor upon waste paper. A cloud of smoke curled up in the rear of the structure and for a moment some of the spectators, fearing a disaster, ran hastily down the aisles, but the police got busy with fire extinguishers and the blaze was put out before any harm was done.

The excitement of the game and the fact that the teams kept right on playing loudly attracted the attention of the crowd, which sounded there was no demonstration except cheers for the players by either university. But it was easy to distinguish Yale from Harvard by the color of their uniforms. Back to town for the followers of the Crimson were about the saddest looking persons that could be found anywhere. The heroes of the game were naturally happy.

All our season's work has been summed up, said a Crimson roster as he climbed into a trolley car, "and to think that we have lost Yale 21 to 0 only one week ago! What was the matter with our team?"

And hundreds of Harvard men and women asked the same question as they drifted away from the big wooden amphitheatre.

THE GAME IN DETAIL

Yale's Great Battle Against a Team That Seemed Sure of Winning.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19.—It was golden weather for football. Although the north-west gale made the air chilly in the big arena, the sun blazed steadily upon the men and women who gathered to see the game. The procession from New Haven started before the noon hour as the special trains from New York, Boston and other points rolled into the depot, the visiting army headed straight for Yale Field. The lunch hour was a busy one and every hotel and restaurant was mobbed. Open street cars were pressed into service to handle the crowd, but even at that thousands walked the two miles to the scene of action. The management did not open the gates, however, until 1 o'clock, and at that time there were 10,000 men and women waiting for the magic word.

The gates rolled back and into the green stadium Harvard and Yale men hurried with hundreds of pretty women. Harvard had a band of music and so did the Blue, and soon songs and cheers were coming from all sides of the field. At 1:35 o'clock, twenty-five minutes before the scheduled time for play, a gate was thrown back under the Yale stand and through it poured thirty-five Harvard kickers wrapped in crimson blankets. This was an unexpected arrival, but it seemed that Harvard was impatient to get at Yale and wanted to give a demonstration of her strength in the shape of these slugs which came on and down, running through signals and kicking the ball back and forth, to the intense delight of the Cambridge crowd and to the wonderment of the New Haven undergraduates.

supposed to strike terror to the hearts of Yale men, but after looking the Crimson kickers over the New Haven students plucked up renewed courage and waited for their representatives to appear. After Harvard had practised for fifteen minutes a mighty cheer greeted Capt. Daly and his men as they scampered out on the gridiron, looking fit to fight for their lives. No time was lost in tossing the coin for choice of goals, and Capt. Withington of Harvard called the turn. He promptly selected the north goal, from which the wind was blowing a young hurricane, and the crimson rosters looked for an immense advantage.

THE BATTLE BEGINS

The ball was tossed on a tee in mid-field and a glance around the towering stands noted the fact that every seat was taken and late comers were streaming in to stand up around the low fence behind the side lines. Paul of Yale, when the teams had taken their positions,



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YALE PUSHING BALL THROUGH HARVARD'S TACKLE.

started the battle by kicking the ball far into Harvard's domain. The oval twisted over near the Yale side of the field and Felton, making the catch, got under swift headway, darting toward Yale's left end.

He had several interferers hustling along in front of him, but when he had reached his 33 yard mark Skully broke through the protective formation and threw Felton upon the ground. A fake kick followed and Leslie, the Harvard fullback, plunged into a hole between Morris and Fuller, but Yale's defense closed upon him and he could not gain more than two yards.

Felton, a leftfooted punter, then boomed the ball high in the air, with the wind carrying it far down the field, but Howe caught it beautifully and he started back. As he sprinted over the centre line Lewis partly tackled him and he dropped the ball. Kilpatrick, ever on the alert, made a headlong dive and fell upon the oval just as a Harvard man made a similar attempt to get it.

Kilpatrick tackled. Yale did not try the Shavin shift just then, but straight football was used, with the result that Field, trying out Carey Withington, could not gain a yard. Howe punned and Wigglesworth miscalculated the line of scrimmage and was tackled; he dropped the ball, but before he recovered it in the nick of time, but for some reason no further attempt at rushing was made and Felton, punting with the aid of the wind, drove the ball over Yale's goal line.

The leather was put in play on Yale's 25 yard mark and Howe tried a quarterback run. It was a distinct failure, for Minot broke through McDewitt and downed the Yale man for a loss of ten yards. This showed that Harvard's defense was not to be trifled with this early in the game, and on the next down Corbett punned against the wind. It was a masterly effort, the ball being driven low and sharp to mid-field, where Wigglesworth caught it on the fly.

Brooks was upon him before he could say Jack Robinson, but as Wigglesworth started out of bounds the ball was taken in fifteen yards. Harvard's attack was in evidence again when Corbett darted through a gap in Yale's left wing for twenty yards, but he was stopped by Field, who made a corking tackle. Wigglesworth also found an opening in the centre of Yale's line and struggled through it for five yards, but again Harvard let up in this assault, for Wigglesworth tried an outside kick.

He seemed to lose his judgment of distance, for he kicked the ball out of bounds

at Yale's 7 yard line. The returning punt by Howe from his own goal line required nerve, but he had plenty of it and he booted the ball in the teeth of the gale with lots of power.

BROOKS SAVES THE BALL

Wigglesworth misjudged the leather and made a disconcerting muff on Yale's 45 yard line. Upon it fell Brooks like a panther. Yale's speedy right end had come down the field like a streak of lightning under the kick, and when he got it because of Wigglesworth's bungling three sides of the field jumped up waving Yale flags and screaming for joy.

On a fake kick Kistler beat his way through Harvard's centre for four yards, but on a similar play Field could not gain more than one yard. Howe got in a punt. The ball was partly blocked, though its flight was not seriously impeded and it rolled out of bounds at Harvard's 42 yard mark. Lining up again, Leslie for Harvard shot through an opening between McDewitt and Paul for five yards, but there was no further attempt at ground gaining just then, as Felton punted. The wind drove the ball far into Yale's territory and Howe after running back to

extremely interesting he stubbed his toe, lost his balance and sprawled upon his face on Yale's 35 yard line. Yale's next attack enabled Field to smash through Fisher for four yards. Hereupon it was decided to go back to the kicking game and Howe punted with great power to Wigglesworth. Capt. Daly beat Kilpatrick in the sprint down the field, with the result that Wigglesworth before he could get started after the catch was spilled on Harvard's 38 yard line. On a fake kick formation Corbett gathered five yards in a rush through Skully, and making a similar play Leslie got five more that yielded a first down and the Harvard crowd was crying for a touchdown. Again Corbett was called upon to show his mettle, but this time Fuller met him with enough resistance to stop him in his tracks. That brought a kick from Felton, and as the wind was still very strong the ball rolled over the goal line at the southeast corner of the field. Yale put it in play at the 25 yard mark and the famous shift that helped to beat Princeton puzzled the Crimson defense.

Harvard's right wing was bent back in such a manner that Kistler rushed nine

yards before Leslie dropped him heavily. Howe tried a quarterback run on the ensuing play, but as he reached Lewis's end he was quickly downed after advancing only three yards. This, however, was another first down and the ball was on Yale's 35 yard mark, but Howe realized that Yale's strength was being needlessly wasted and ordered a punt.

His kick was caught by Corbett and the latter was treated to a painful tackle by Kilpatrick, who grabbed him around the waist and threw him down on Harvard's 45 yard mark before he could take a step. Kilpatrick was wildly cheered for this play, as Yale men realized that he was a headless chicken underneath the falling ball and finally muffed it. Brooks was there at the same moment and made a dive for the ball, but Corbett, who was nearer to it, threw himself upon the ball and a chance to accomplish something sensational for Yale was lost. If Brooks had got the ball instead of Corbett he would have had a clear field and might have scored a touchdown. Harvard's formation indicated a punt when the teams lined up again, but on a double pass Leslie made a rush between McDewitt and Paul which yielded only three yards. Then Yale received fifteen yards for holding and the ball was on Harvard's 37 yard mark.

The play was so rapid that the crowd had to follow it closely and had little time for concerted cheering and singing. There was just a loud roar of enthusiasm around the gridiron as the players struggled up and down.

RESTLESS PLAY. Felton's punt landed in Howe's arms and the Yale quarterback scooped back to his 38 yard line, where Lewis felled him with a swift tackle. Field tried Harvard's centre in a rush that netted only two yards and convinced the Yale players that such tactics simply wasted time. So Howe punted and the ball being driven low and sharp to mid-field, where Wigglesworth caught it on the fly.

Corbett was the first to run with the ball in the scrimmage, but when he tried to bore through Yale's left wing he met with vigorous opposition from Fuller, who threw him down with terrific force. Yale received a five yard penalty for offside play and it was up to Felton to punt. The ball sailed high and far into Howe's grasp and quickly getting under headway he dodged three Harvard tacklers.

It looked as if Howe would make a sensational run, as he sprinted toward Yale's left end and behind several interferers, but just when things were ex-

actly as they were, he was stopped by a tackle from the Harvard line.

Blankets were thrown over the players and they jumped around to keep warm in the three minutes rest. The crowd cheered and sang, Yale men showing unbridled enthusiasm and Harvard men playing Yale in point of gathering ground, but it was clear to every Cambridge man that Yale had a team.

Defending the north goal and aided by the wind, Yale lined up for the second period with increasing confidence. Harvard did not try rushing when the whistle sounded and Felton promptly punted. Howe, sprinting at top speed, used a straight arm to avoid L. Smith's attempt at tackle and was coming down the field like a streak when he stepped out of bounds at Yale's 35 yard line. Howe promptly punted on the next down, but the ball instead of covering many yards, aided by the gale, went up almost straight in the air. Skully was blowing along far enough for Wigglesworth to muf it in the middle of the gridiron.

The ball rolled away from the Harvard quarterback and both Yale's ends were streaking for it when Wigglesworth, with great presence of mind, pounced upon the leather on Harvard's 46 yard line. Yale's goals puffed seemed to demoralize Harvard just at the time when Corbett tried to buck through McDewitt and Paul the ball slipped out of his grasp and rolled up and down on the grass frozen turf. Brooks and Daly fell on the ball together and Yale went crazy.

Blue silk flags fluttered in a forest as this play was made and Yale men old and young cheered and sang. Harvard's banners instantly dropped out of sight and scarcely a sound came from the Crimson side of the field. The ball went to Harvard on a rushing play and Field was the first to advance it. He crashed into the giant McKay and made two yards. Then Howe in conjunction with the shift and reroute behind a wall of interference hustled ahead and Harvard's left end, dodging first one tackler and then another until Corbett threw him down on Harvard's 40 yard mark.

It was a brilliant run, but it availed nothing, for the ball was taken back and Harvard received fifteen yards for holding, it being charged by the officials that several Yale men had used their hands in blocking off Harvard tacklers. This ruling put the teams on Yale's 45 yard line and the game was on. Harvard shifted in time working order. Daly came bounding around Harvard's left wing in dazzling style. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five yards he ran and was headed for Harvard's goal line with only a single opponent waiting to tackle him when Lewis dashing up behind stopped the Yale captain's further advance by pulling him down in a heap.

Yale had advanced, however, to Harvard's 45 yard mark and Field was sent into the centre of the Cambridge defence. This time, however, Minot broke through and stopped the rush and as the necessary ground had not been recovered after the infraction of the fifteen yard penalty the ball went to Harvard on a rushing play. A mighty cheer went up from the Crimson army as the stocky Wendell succeeded Felton at right halfback.

Wendell broadshouldered and chunky, wore a black helmet and a rubber nose-guard that completely concealed his identity. He promptly tore Yale's defence to shreds, running like a deer eight yards as he bowled Skully over. Harvard for the first time tried a shift which completely hemmed in Yale's right wing. Behind five yards he ran and was headed for Harvard's goal line with only a single opponent waiting to tackle him when Lewis dashing up behind stopped the Yale captain's further advance by pulling him down in a heap.

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Again Yale's right wing was skillfully



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stretched arms on Yale's 12 yard line. Howe started to run the kick back, but Lewis tackled him so fiercely that he was delirious for a few moments.

There was another ticklish moment for old Eli, but Howe was equal to the emergency, and standing on his goal line he punned the ball back with the wind to mid-field. Wigglesworth miscalculated its descent, muffed the oval, scrambled after it, punted it up and was just turning when Kilpatrick, coming like a runaway horse, grabbed the Harvard quarterback and fairly stood him on his head. This was the kind of tackling that Kilpatrick did all through the game and there was no wonder that Harvard was sore stricken whenever he loomed up.

BROOKS TOO. Corbett as the teams resumed the battle tried to scout around Yale's right end, but Brooks was too much for him and he did not make a fact. Wigglesworth tried a forward pass at that stage, but it was a wild inaccurate heave in the direction of L. Smith, who got one hand on it, but did not catch it. Kistler was there for Yale and grabbed the ball just as it rolled out of bounds. This ragged football further demoralized the Crimson supporters, who could not understand how their team's attack did not yield better results. Howe's punt which followed went straight to Wigglesworth and as the latter was heading off, which way he would go, the Harvard centre, though, and bowled him over on Harvard's 20 yard line. Corbett tried Yale's left wing, but his efforts were futile. Wendell, however, with enough left to throw a hole between Fuller and Skully and had gained twelve yards when Daly tackled him so hard that Yale lost a rattling cheer.

Wendell was full of gameness, though, and tried to advance again. This time he turned in the direction of Yale's right end, but McDewitt tackled him high and low. Corbett tried to advance again, but he came again with another precisely in the same place and made five yards, leaving the ball to Harvard's 45 yard line.

On the third down Minot punted. It was an outside kick and L. Smith got it on Yale's 50 yard mark, but before he could make any headway Daly was there with another corking tackle. Wendell, whistling with energy, cleared his way through Skully and Fuller to Yale's 41 yard mark. At that point Potter was substituted for Wigglesworth and Harvard was wildly pleading for a touchdown. Harvard's shift came into play and Corbett, running like a deer around Yale's left wing behind several interferers got as far as Yale's 28 yard line before Field had him low with a terrific tackle.

HARVARD SPEEDS IT UP. Harvard's play was of the rapid fire order and losing no time Wendell made a desperate rush toward Yale's right end, but Potter made an outside kick, but it was a low short drive and Daly dropping it, a low short drive and Daly dropping it, a low short drive and Daly dropping it.

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MARRIED.

MEYEROWITZ-RICE. On November 19, at 374 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill., by the Rev. Ed. Harvey Curtis, Jenny Delany Rice and Paul Alexander Meyerowitz.

WILKINSON-BURKE. On November 19, Henry Whitman Wilkinson and Edith Lee Burke, by the Rev. Henry Watson, at the home of Mrs. John Burke, Llewellyn Park.

DIED.

BLISS. On November 19, at Highland, N. J., Emily Fisher Bliss, wife of Delos Bliss, in her 66th year. Interment private.

DAWES. On Friday, November 19, 1910, Emily Mason Dawes, wife of Frank A. Dawes. Funeral services will be held at Union Methodist Episcopal Church, 45th St., between Broadway and 4th Ave., Monday morning, November 21, at half past 10. Please omit flowers.

MCCORD. Suddenly, on November 19, 1910, at Greenwich, Conn., Isaac McCord, wife of William H. McCord, aged 66 years. Funeral services at her late residence Wednesday, November 23, at 11:30 A. M. Carriage will meet train leaving Lexington at terminal 10:05 A. M. Interment at convenience of family.

PERINE. On November 19, at Westfield, N. J., Jacobus Perine, 75 years old, died. He was the son of Maria Vandervort Ten Broeck. In his 71st year. Funeral from his late residence, 251 Dudley Ave., Westfield, on Monday, November 21, at 2:30 o'clock. Interment private. Please omit flowers.

TOWNSEND. Entered into rest on Friday, November 19, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, Solomon Samuel Townsend, 82 years old, of the late Solomon and Hygiene de Kay Townsend. In the 51st year of his age. Funeral services will be held at Christ Church, 115 Bay St. L. I., on Sunday, November 20, at 1:15 o'clock. P. M. Train leaves Penn. R. Station, New York City, at 11:17 A. M. Platform at Brooklyn, at 11:21 A. M. For Orville Bay, returning leaves Orville Bay at 12:30 o'clock. P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

TUCKER. On November 14, at her residence, 236 Lenox Ave., Clara Olive Tucker, widow of Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, in her 85th year. Relatives and friends invited to attend services at St. Christopher's Chapel, 30th St. and 7th Ave., Sunday afternoon 1 o'clock.

WEAVER. On November 19, Marcus Weaver, 79 years old. Refer to FRANK E. CAMPBELL. Funeral services will be held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1117 A. M. Platform at Brooklyn, at 11:21 A. M. For Orville Bay, returning leaves Orville Bay at 12:30 o'clock. P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

WHITTON. On November 17, Andrew J. Whitton, 40 years old. Funeral services will be held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, 1117 A. M. Platform at Brooklyn, at 11:21 A. M. For Orville Bay, returning leaves Orville Bay at 12:30 o'clock. P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

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Corbett caught the ball with precision and ran it back to Yale's 44 yard line, where he was tackled by Skully.

The mighty Wendell was quickly in evidence. He jammed his way through McDewitt and Paul for four yards, and then raced around Brooks's end for seven yards, making a first down. This brought the teams to Yale's 30 yard mark, and